OSBORNE.

January 27th, 1901.

WHERE went his thoughts as kneeling by the dead
He passed the slow hours of his natal day?
Upon the marble hand no tear was shed,
He did not come to weep there or to pray.
Nor majesty of death his pulses thrilled
Nor dream of hour—of all hours set apart—
When the fair promise of his youth fulfilled
She clasped him to her bosom—heart to heart.
No backward glance of flatterers round the throne
The courtiers smile—encomium's loud acclaim
But rather of the time when one alone
Lifted no voice to sanction or to blame.
One who when coward censure dared misprize
Let all the clamour of the crowd pass by,
Calm in the silent waiting of the wise—
Firm in belief and strong in equity.
One who had doubted nought—would nought demand
One who had never failed to understand.

C. E. MEETKERKE.